656

Godfrey E. P. Arkwright

2/12/1909

The
CHAPLET.
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

As it is Perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Compos'd by

Dr. BOYCE.

London. *Printed for* I. Walsh; *in Catharine Street, in the Strand.*

Of whom may be had, Juſt Publiſh'd,

Handel's Eighty Songs Selected from his Oratorios, for the Harpſicord or Voice.
Vocal Melody. A Collection of Songs by Mr. Arne.
Dr. Greene's Songs, Cantatas, and Catches.
Dr. Boyce's Songs and Cantatas.
One Hundred French Songs in One Vol.
Haſſe's Venetian Ballads, 3 Books.
Burgeſs's Songs and Cantatas.
Lampe's Songs and Cantata.
Howard's Songs and Cantata.

[1750]

Symphony.

1st Hautb:

2d Hautb:

1st Violin

Allegro

2d Violin

Tenor Violin

Allegro

Allegro

Tutti

Tutti

Solo

9 8

Baſſoons Soli

Tutti

6

6 5

7 5 7

Vivace Piano ſempre

Violins and Tenor Unison

Soli

Baſſoons

Senza Organo

Violoncellos and Double Baſſes

Piano ſempre

Tempo di Minuetto

1st Hautboy and Violin

2d Hautboy and Violin

Basses and Tenor

1st & 2d Hautb: &c:

Largo

DAMON
LAURA

LAURA

Largo Ungrateful DAMON! is it come to this, are theſe the happy ſcenes of promiſd

Dolce

Piano

Forte

Bliſs! ne'er hope, vain LAURA, future Peace to prove; Content ne'er harbours with neglected Love.

Piano

Forte

DAMON

. Conſider, Fair, the ever-reſtleſs Pow'r, ſhifts with the Breeze, and changes with the Hour: above re-

Piano

-ſtraint he ſcorns a fix'd abode, and on his Silken Plumes flies forth the rambling GOD.

Viol. 1?
Viol. 2?
Tenor Viol.

Allegro

Unis

Damon

Piano

S.

S. Piano

You say at your feet that I wept in def-pair, And

Piano

vow'd that no An-gel was e---ver so fair; How could you be-lieve all the

Unifon

Nonſenſe I Spoke? What know we of Angels? — I meant it in joke, I

meant it in joke, What know we of Angels! — I meant it in

Forte

Forte

joke.

Forte

(2)

I next ſtand indicted for ſwearing to Love,
And nothing but Death ſhould my Paſſion remove;
I've lik'd you a Twelve-month, a Calender year,
And not yet contented — have conſcience, my dear.

DAMON

To Day DAMÆTAS gave a rural treat, and I once more my chosen Friends must meet. Farewel, sweet

Damsel, and remember this, Dull repe-tition deadens all our Blifs.

Largo

Staccato

LAURA

Largo

Where balefull Cypress forms a gloomy shade, and yelling

Staccato

Dolce Piano

Spectres haunt the dreary Glade; Unknown to all, my lonesome steps I'll bend; There

Piano

weep my suffrings, and my Fate attend.

Sung by Miss Norris

Haut.
Viol. 1°.
Viol. 2°.
Tenor Viol.

Vivace

Laura

Vivace

Piano

Piano

Piano

Piano

Vain is ev'ry fond en-deavour To re-ſiſt the ten--der Dart; For ex-am-ples

Pia.

Pia.

Pia.

Pia.

Pia.

move us never, We muſt feel to know the Smart, When the Shepherd

Piano

fwears he's dying, And our beauties fets to view; Va-ni-ty her aid Sup-plying, bids us think 'tis

Forte

Forte

Forte

Forte

all our due. bids us think 'tis all our due.

Forte

(2)

Softer than the vernal Breezes,
Is the mild, Deceitfull Strain;
Frowning truth our Sex Diſpleaſes,
Flatt'ry never ſues in Vain;
Soon, too ſoon, the happy Lover,
Does our tend'reſt hopes Deceive;
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Fooliſh Woman to beleive.

DAMON *and Several Shepherds Drinking.*

Damon

In mirth and Paſtime ev'ry hour employ, Loſt is the Day that is not Spent in joy

Here ſtrew your roſes, Here your Chaplets bring, And liſten neighbours to the truths I ſing.

Sung by Mr Beard

Spirituoſo

w/Unison

Damon

S.

Piano

Piano

S.

Piano

Damon

Puſh a bout the briſk bowl twill in-liven the heart while thus we ſit round on the

S. Piano

Graſs, The Lover who talks of his Suff'rings and ſmart, Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs, an Aſs, De –

Forte

Unis

Forte

S.

– ſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs.

Forte

2

The Wretch who ſits watching his ill gotten Pelf,
And wiſhes to add to the Maſs;
What e'er the Curmudgeon may think of him ſelf
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs.

3

The Beau, who ſo ſmart with his well Powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Glaſs,
And thinks with Grimace to Subdue all the Fair,
May juſtly be reckon'd an Aſs.

4

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of Cræſus the Wealth to Surpaſs,
And oft' while he's wand'ring my Lady at home,
Claps the horns of an Ox on an Aſs.

5

The Lawyer ſo grave when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well cover'd with braſs,
Tho he talk to no purpoſe he pockets your Fee,
There, you, my good friend are the Aſs.

6

The formal Phyſician who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall laſt be produc'd in this Claſs,
The ſick man a while may confide in his ſkill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Aſs.

7

Then let us Companions be jovial and gay,
By turns take the Bottle and Laſs,
For he who his Pleaſures puts off for a Day,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs.

PALÆMON.

Indeed, PASTORA, ſpite of all you ſay, I muſt this very Inſtant háſte a--way;

You think my Flame's extinguiſh'd quite, I know; And other Objects ſtrike me

PASTORA.

may be ſo. Per-fidious Boy! I know 'tis SYLVIA's Charms that tear PA--LÆMON

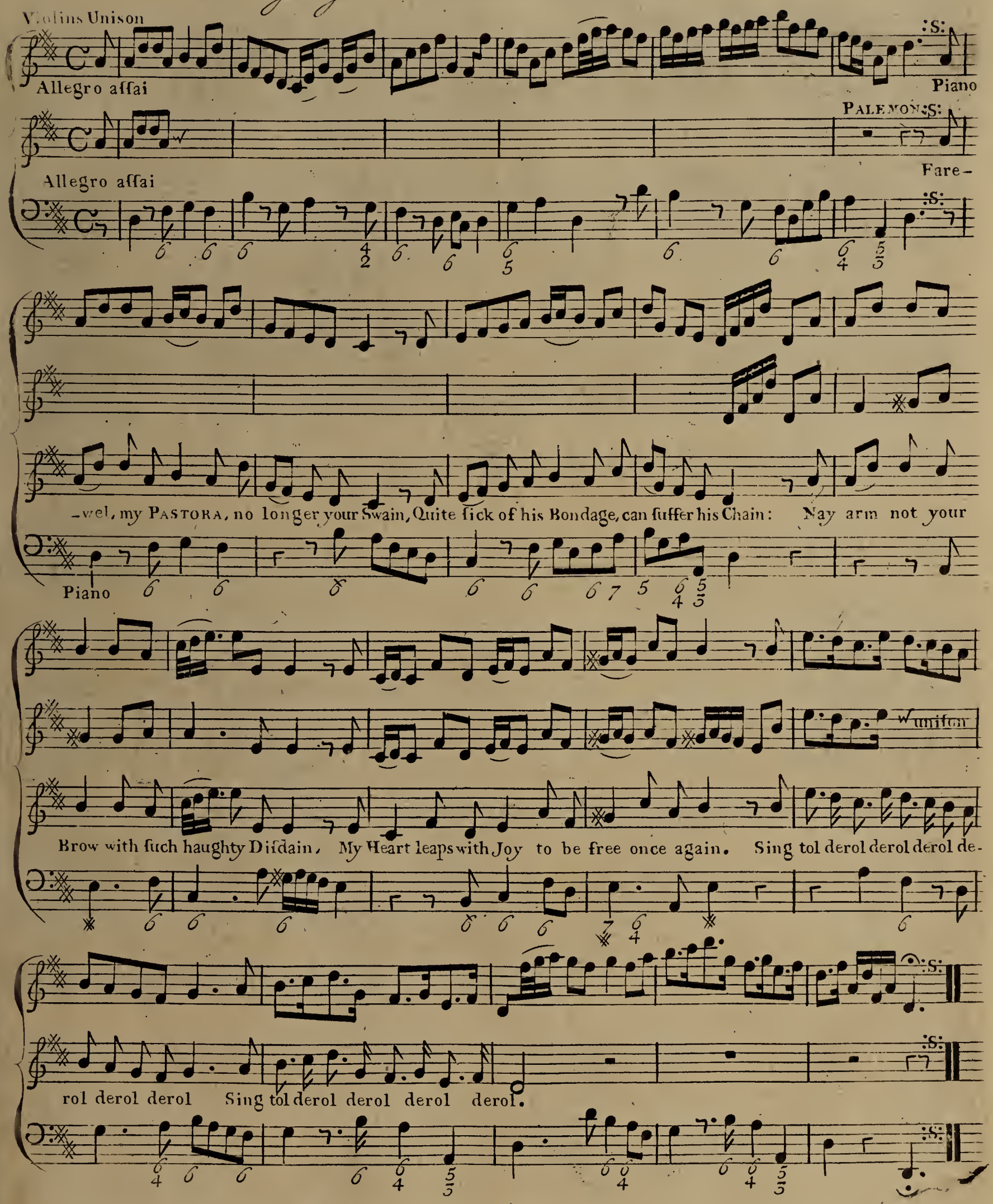
from theſe circling Arms; But ſoon perhaps ſome other wiſer Youth May

PALÆMON.

learn to ſet due Value on my Truth. Whoe'er the Youth may be, who claims my Part, He

has my full Conſent with all my Heart.

Sung by Master Mattocks



I'll live like the Birds, thoſe ſweet Tenants of MAY,
Who always are ſportful, who always are gay:
How ſweetly their Sonnets they carol all Day;
Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtſhip but Play.
Sing tol derol.

If ſtruck by a Beauty they ne'er ſaw before,
In chirping ſoft Notes they her Pity implore;
She yields to Intreaty; and when the Fit's o'er,
'Tis Twenty to One that they never meet more.
Sing tol derol.

PASTORA

Infulting Boy! I'll tear him from my Mind; ah! would my Fortune could a Husband find:

and just in time, young DAMON comes this Way, a handsome Youth he is, and Rich they say.

1st

Largo Piano

2d

DAMON. Recit:

Vouchsafe, sweet Maid, to hear a wretched Swain, who, lost in Wonder, hugs the Pleasing chain;

Largo Piano

For you in Sighs I hail the rising Day; To you at Eve I sing the Lovesick lay. Then take my

Aside

Love, my Homage as your due, The Devil's in her if all this wont do.

Allegro

1st Violin

2d Violin

Tenor Violin

Allegro

Piano

DAMON

Beauteous Maid, re-ward my Paſſion;

Piano

PASTORA

Crown with Hopes my fierce de- -ſire. Soon to yield is not the

DAMON

Fashion, Maids some Courtship should require. Tedious Courtship damps all Pleasure,

Piano

Solo

Tutti

Kisses her

PASTORA

By this melting Kiss I swear. Now you're rude be-yond all

Forte

Forte

Forte

Measure; Kiss a-gain, Sir, if you dare.

Forte

Piano

Piano

Piano

DAMON

PASTORA

Where yon Bank the Willows cover, We will ſhun the Heat of Day: You're in too much haſte, young

Piano

DAMON

Lover, For the Prieſt muſt lead the way. We can do without him better, None but Fools would marry

Forte

Forte

Forte

now; Prieſts the free-born Mind would fetter, We will meet without a Vow.

Forte

PASTORA

Away, falſe Man, no more your Tale I'll hear; The black attempt offends my rigid

Ear: The Joys I taſte ſhall be without a Crime; I'll ne'er be fool'd by Man —

Aſide. DAMON

a ſecond Time. If ſo, farewel, I'll other Regions try; My gen'rous Mind diſdains the ſlaviſh Tye;

Lovers, like Warriors, oft Repulſes meet; Yet both undaunted their Attacks repeat.

Sung by M.r Beard & M.rs Clive.

Allegro aſſai

1st Violin

2d Violin

Tenor Violin

Allegro aſſai

Piano

Piano

Piano

DAMON

From Flow'r to Flow'r, his Joy to change, Flits yonder wanton Bee; From

Piano

Fair to Fair thus will I range, And I'll be ever free. From Fair to Fair thus will I

Forte

Forte

Forte

range, And I'll be e-ver free. I'll be ever free.

Forte

PASTORA. Yon little Birds attentive view,
That hop from Tree to Tree;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

Piano

Piano

Unison

DAMON

While Tempeſts ſhake the nodding Grove, and Plough the foaming Sea; While Hawks purſue the

Piano

Taſto Solo

fly ing Dove, ſo long will I be Free. while Hawks purſue the fly ing Dove, ſo long will

Forte

Forte

Forte

I be Free. ſo long will I be Free.

Forte

PASTORA, 'Till on the Buſh the Lily grows,
'Till Flocks forſake the Lea;
'Till from the Rock burſts forth the Roſe,
You'll find me blith and free.

Piano

Piano

Piano

DAMON

Then let's divide to East and Weſt, ſince we ſhall ne'er a--gree; And try who keeps their

PASTORA

Then let's divide to East and Weſt, ſince we ſhall ne'er a--gree; And try who keeps their

Piano

Promiſe beſt, And who's the longeſt Free. Let's try who keeps their Promiſe beſt, And who's the longeſt

Promiſe beſt, And who's the longeſt Free. Let's try who keeps their Promiſe beſt, And who's the longeſt

Forte

Forte

Forte

Free. who's the longeſt Free.

Free. who's the longeſt Free.

The end of the firſt Part.

Sung by Miſs Norris

Andante Vivace

Dolce

Piano

Piano

Piano

Laura

Andante Vivace

What Med'cine can

Piano

Forte

Piano

Forte

Piano

Forte

Piano

ſoften the Boſom's keen Smart, What Lethe can baniſh the Pain? What Cure can be

Forte

Piano

Forte

Forte

Forte

met with to ſooth the fond heart, That's broke broke by a faithleſs young Swain!

Forte

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try,
The Sports of the Wake and the Green,
When Colin is dancing, I ſay with a Sigh,
T'was here firſt my Damon was ſeen.

Piano Forte

Piano Forte

Piano Forte

When to the pale Moon the Soft Nightingales moan, In Accents ſo piercing and clear;

Piano Forte

Piano

Piano

Piano

You ſing not ſo Sweetly, I cry with a Groan, as when, when my dear Damon was

Piano

Forte Forte

Forte Forte

Forte Forte

here. here.

Forte. Forte

A Garland of Willow my Temples ſhall Shade,
And pluck it, ye Nymphs from yon Grove;
For there to her Coſt was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon, Damon pretended to Love.

Damon

A charming Conſort, would have fill'd theſe Arms, Had I but yielded to Paſtora's Charms, How

bleſs'd would then have been my future Life, Palæmon's Miſſtreſs turn'd to Damon's Wife;

Yet in her Coin the wily Nymph I'll pay, And all her Schemes of Va-ni-ty betray.

Then haſte to Laura, that much injur'd Fair, And ſnatch her from the Jaws of black Deſ - pair.

Sung by Mrs Clive

Allegro

Paſtora

Allegro

S.

Piano

S.

In vain I try my ev'ry Art, Nor can I fix a ſingle Heart, Yet

S.

Piano

Forte Piano Forte

I'm not old or ug-ly; Yet I'm not old or ug-ly,

For,

Piano

Let me conſult my faithfull Glaſs, A Face much worſe than

Piano

For. Piano

this might paſs, Me-thinks I look full ſmuggly. Me-

Piano

Forte

S.

- thinks I look full ſmuggly.

S.

Forte

Yet bleſs'd with all theſe pow'rfull Charms,
The young Palæmon fled theſe Arms,
That wild unthinking Rover;
Hope, ſilly Maids, as ſoon to bind,
The Rolling Stream, the flying Wind,
As fix a rambling Lover.

But hamper'd in the Marriage Nooſe,
In vain they Struggle to get looſe,
And make a mighty Riot;
Like Madmen how they rave, and Stare,
A while they ſhake their Chains and Swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

Damon

Once more I come to hear what you Decree, Yet ere you pass your Sentence, list to me.

Sung by Mr. Beard

Viol. 1°

Viol. 2°

Tenor Viol.

Presto Allegro

Presto Allegro

S.

Piano

S.

Piano

S.

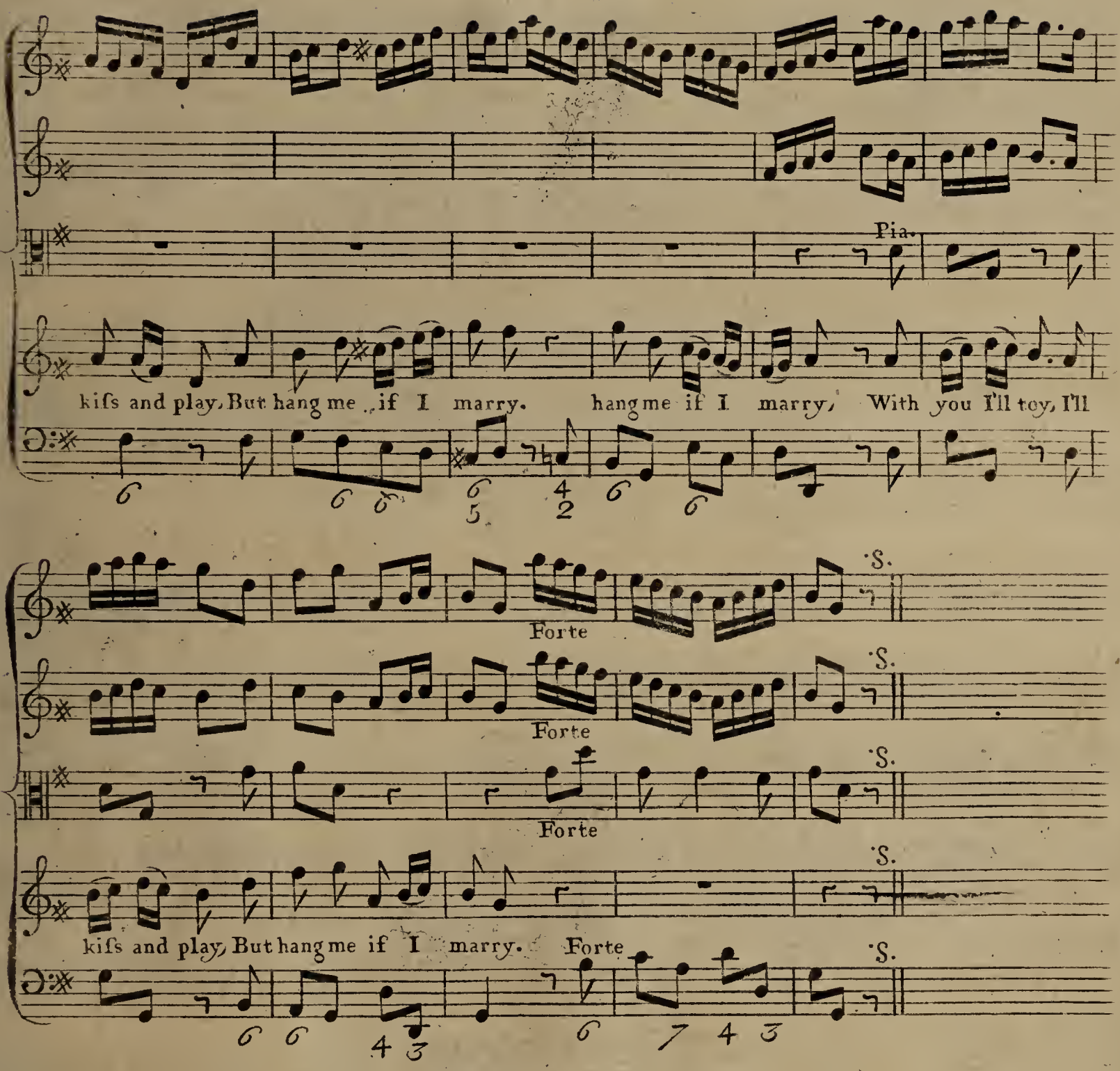
De –

S.

Unison

– clare, my pretty Maid, Must my fond Suit mis-carry? With you I'll toy, I'll

Piano



2

Then ſpeak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

3

Tho' Charms and Wit aſſail,
The Stroke I well can parry;
I love to kiſs, and toy, and play,
But do not chooſe to marry.

4

Young Molly of the Dale,
Makes a mere Slave of Harry;
Becauſe when they had toy'd and kiſs'd,
The fooliſh Swain wou'd marry.

5

Theſe fix'd Reſolves, my Dear,
I to the Grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

PASTORA

Dare you a-vow, falſe Youth, your lawleſs Flame! Think not to tempt me to a Deed of Shame.

DAMON

Say, have you aſk'd your never-conquer'd Heart, How many Years it may reſiſt the Dart? For long Attacks the

PASTORA

ſtrongeſt Fortreſs waſte, and TROY ſtood ten Years Siege, but fell at laſt. Vainly you hope my virtuous Heart to

DAMON

.. move; I know your vile Intent, and ſcorn your Love. Turn, turn your Eyes to yonder conſcious Shade;

There a young Shepherd met a haughty Maid; the Pines that hang o'er yonder duſky Dell, the babling Pines a

Tale of Scandal tell; and tatt'ling Willows to the Plains proclaim, PA-LÆMON was the happy Lover's Name.

Ha! do you ſtart.— PASTORA, fam'd for Truth and rigid Virtue, claſp'd a blooming Youth; and laying ev'ry

PASTORA aſide

ſterner Thought aſide, Indulg'd her Pleaſure, and forgot her Pride. Diſaſtrous Fate! how

to him

could he hear the Tale? you've loſt all Hopes, and now begin to rail.

German Flute
Dolce
Piano
Moderato
Piano Soli
Viol. 1°
Viol. 2°
Piano Soli
Tenor Viol.
Piano
Laura
Moderato
How un-happy's the Nymph, Who
Piano
Forte
Forte
tutti
tutti
Forte
weeps to the Wind, And dotes with De-ſpair On a Swain that's un-kind.
How un-
Forte
Pia.
Soli P.
Tutti For.
P. Soli
Soli P.
Tutti For.
P. Soli
Pia.
For.
Pia.
happy's the Nymph, who weeps to the Wind, And dotes with Deſpair On a Swain thats un-kind,
Un-
Pia.
For.
Pia.

-happy! Un-happy! Un-happy's the Nymph - - - - - - - Who dotes with De-ſpair on a

Swain that's un-kind. How un-happy's the Nymph, Who weeps to the Wind - - - - - - - And

Forte

Forte tutti

Forte tutti

Forte

dotes with De-ſpair on a Swain that's un-kind.

For

DAMON

I ſee the Fates determine I ſhall wed; Two Nymphs are ready to par-

take my Bed; Which ſhall I chooſe? PASTORA's wond'rous fair, And LAURA ſparkles

PASTORA aſide

like the Morning-Star. Come, there are Hopes, now, VENUS, lend each

Grace, And with bewitching Beauties arm my Face.

Sung by Mr. Beard, Mrs. Clive, & Miſs Norris.

Allegro ma non Troppo

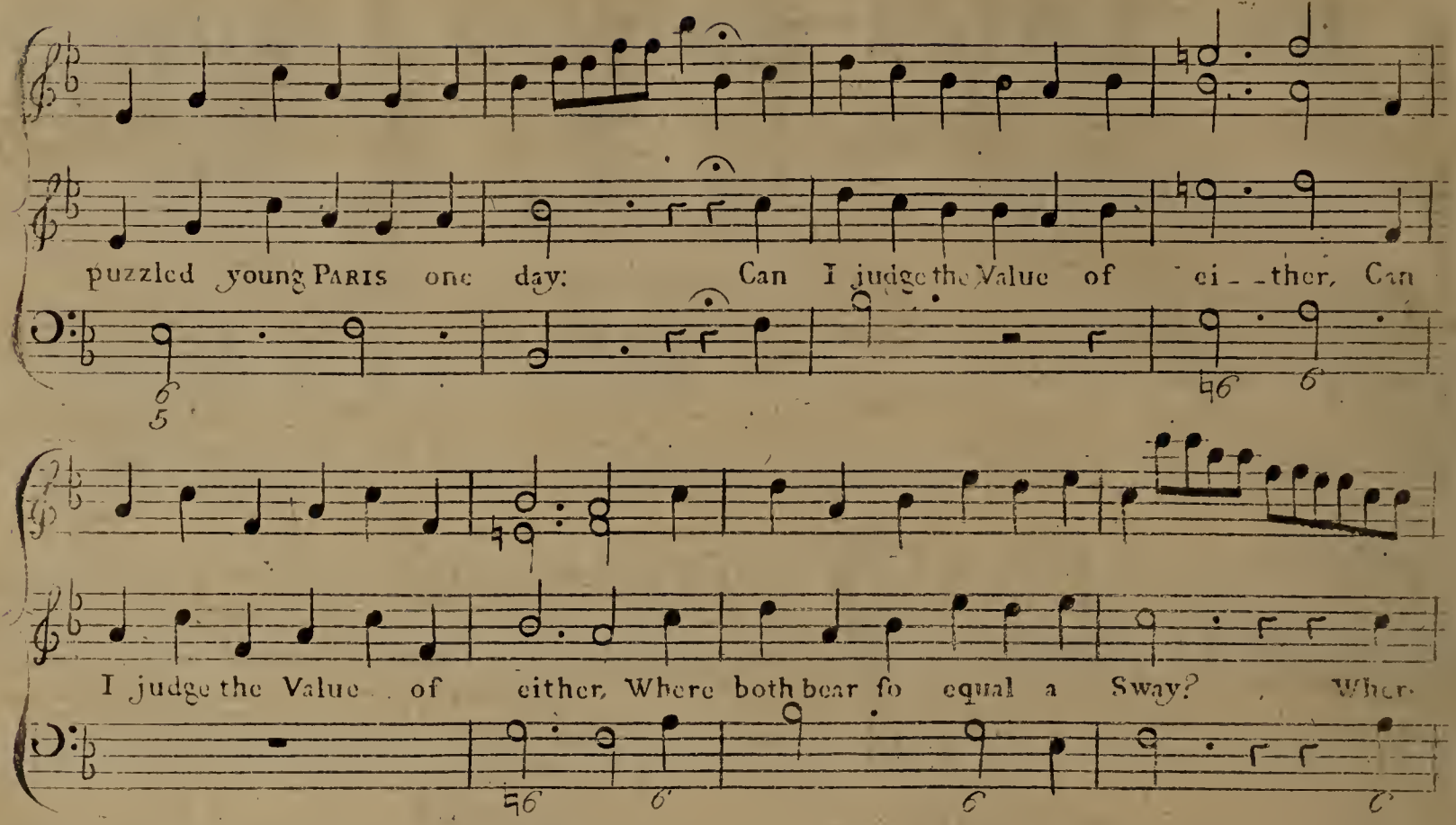
Violins Uniſon

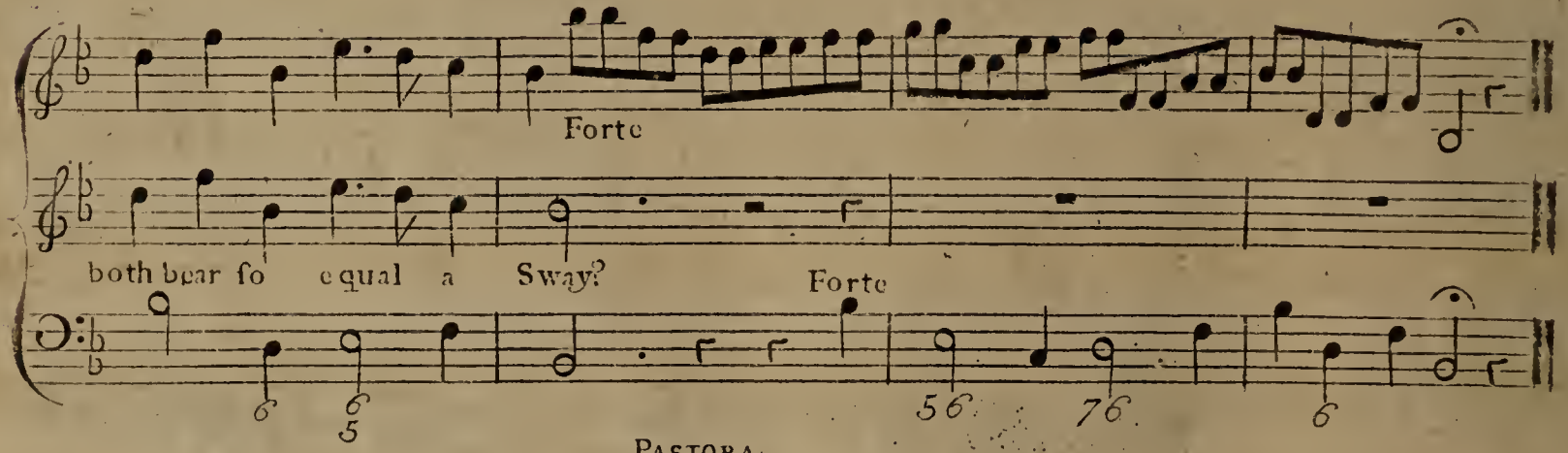
Taſto Solo

Piano

DAMON

Three Goddeſſes ſtanding to--ge----ther, Thus





PASTORA.

Consider my Wit and Condition,
Consider my Person likewise;
I never was us'd to petition,
But pr'ythee make use of your Eyes. pr'ythee make use &c:

LAURA.

No Merit I plead but my Passion,
'Twere needless to mention your Vow;
Reflect with a little Compassion,
On what this poor Bosom feels now. On what this &c:

DAMON.

Some Genius direct me, or Demon,
Or else I may chance to choose wrong—
(After some Pause)
You're Part of the Goods of PALEMON
I leave you to whom you belong. I leave you &c:

PASTORA, aſide.

Miſjudging Wretch, with Rage my Boſom glows; Can he prefer a Nettle to a Roſe?

Sung by Mrs. Clive.

Viol. unis:

Preſto Allegro

Tenor

Preſto Allegro

Piano

I know that my Perſon is charming, Be - yond what a

Piano

Clown can diſ - cover: That Dowdy your Senſes alarming, Proves what a blind Thing is a

Forte

Piano

Unison

Lover. Proves what a blind Thing is a Lover. I'll

Forte

Piano

quit the dull Plains for the City, Where Beauty is follow'd by Merit; Your Taſte, ſimple

DAMON, I pity; Your Wit, who would wiſh to in-he-rit? to inhe-rit, Your Wit who would

Forte Piano

Unison

Forte

wiſh to in-herit? Perhaps you may think you perplex me And

Forte Piano

that I my Anger would ſmother; The Loſs of a Lover can't vex me. My Charms will procure me an-

Forte

Piano

Unison

-other. My Charms will procure me an-o-ther.

I ne'er was more Pleas'd, I af-

Forte

Piano

a-fide

-fure you; How Odious they look. I can't bear them:

to him

I wish you much joy of your Fu--ry.

Forte

Piano

Forte

Piano

Forte

A-fide

My Rage into pieces could tear them. could tear them. My Rage into pieces could

Forte

Forte

tear them.

Forte

Forte

Pia:

Pia:

Pia:

DAMON.

To thee, kind Nymph, as to offended Heav'n, I own my Faults, and fue to be forgiv'n;

Pia:

LAURA.

Then, gentle LAURA, clear my paſt Offence, Repentance is ally'd to Innocence. Think not

a rigid Judge your Faults arraigns, My tender Boſom feels for all your Pains; In thoſe ſad

Hours, when to the ſecret Grove I told my Pangs of inauſpicious Love, My only Pray'r was

Forte

Forte

Forte

Forte

once again to ſee The lovely Author of my Miſery! Again to claſp him to my beating Breaſt, the

Forte

tr

Piano

Forte

tr

Piano

Piano

Forte

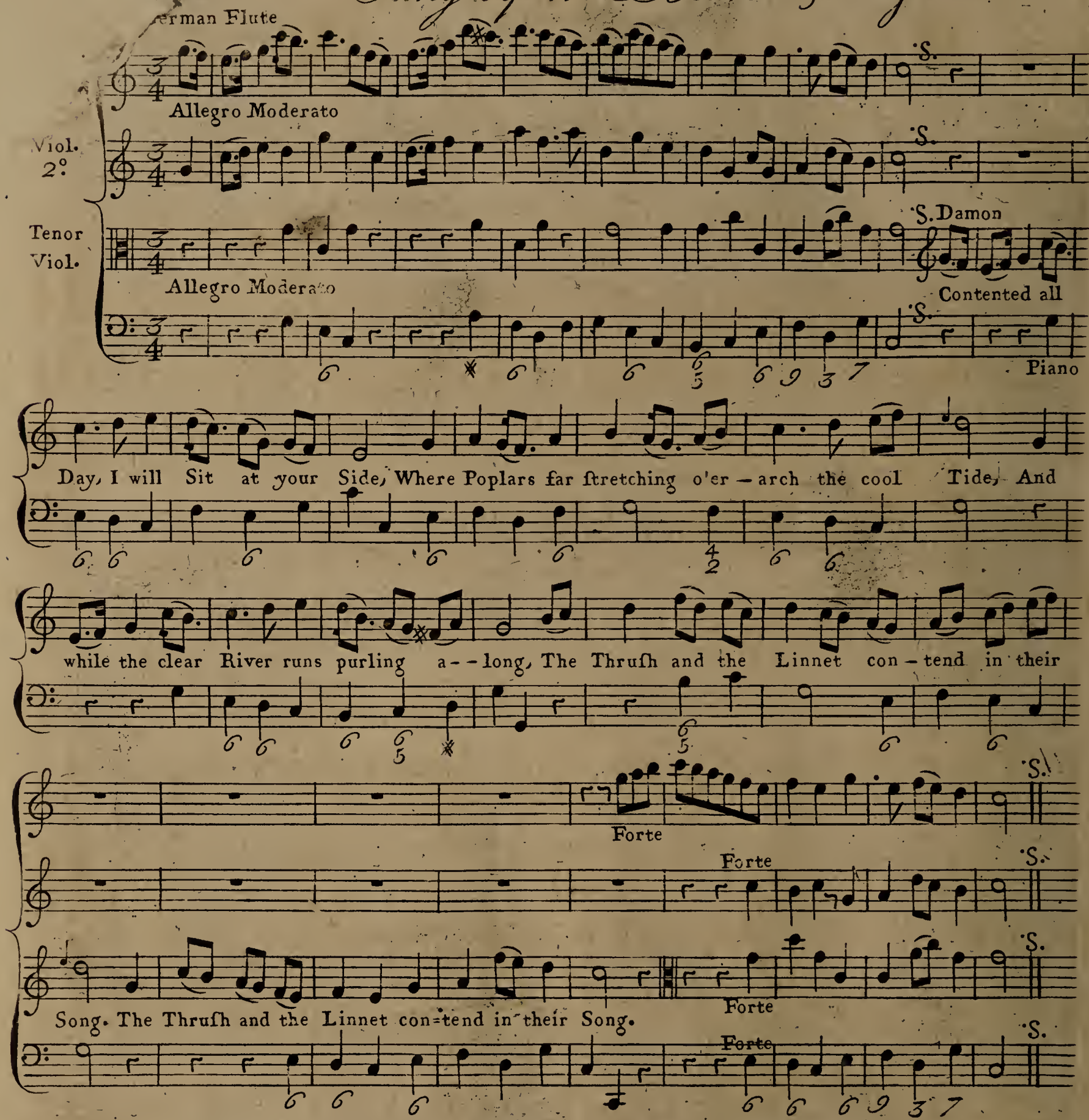
Gods have heard my Vows, The Gods have heard my Vows, and LAURA's bleſt-

Piano

Forte

Plate [illegible]

Sung by Mr. Beard & Miss Norris



Laura (2)

While you are but by me no Danger I fear,
Ye Lambs reſt in Safety, my Damon is near;
Bound on, ye blith Kids, now your Gambols may pleaſe,
For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at Eaſe.
For my &c.

(4) Laura

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns of ye Fair,
'Tis yours to releive, not to add to their Care;
Then Scorn to their Ruin Aſſiſtance to lend,
Nor betray the Sweet Creatures you're born to defend.
Nor betray &c.

Damon (3)

Ye Virgins of Britain, bright Rivals of Day,
The Wiſh of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay;
Ne'er yield to the Swain, till he make you a Wife,
For he who loves truly, will take you for Life.
For he &c.

German Flute

Piano

1st. Violin

Piano

Piano

LAURA

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd; Nor false to his Vows one young

DAMON.

2d. Violin unis:

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd; Nor false to his Vows one young

Piano

Shepherd be found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, to preserve in their Age what they

Shepherd be found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, to preserve in their Age what they

gain'd in their Youth. to preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

gain'd in their Youth. to preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

German Flute.

1st. Haut:

2d. Haut:

1st. Viol:

2d. Viol:

Tenor

Chorus

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-nown'd; Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-nown'd; Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-nown'd; Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-nown'd; Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be

6 6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6

found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their

found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their

found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their

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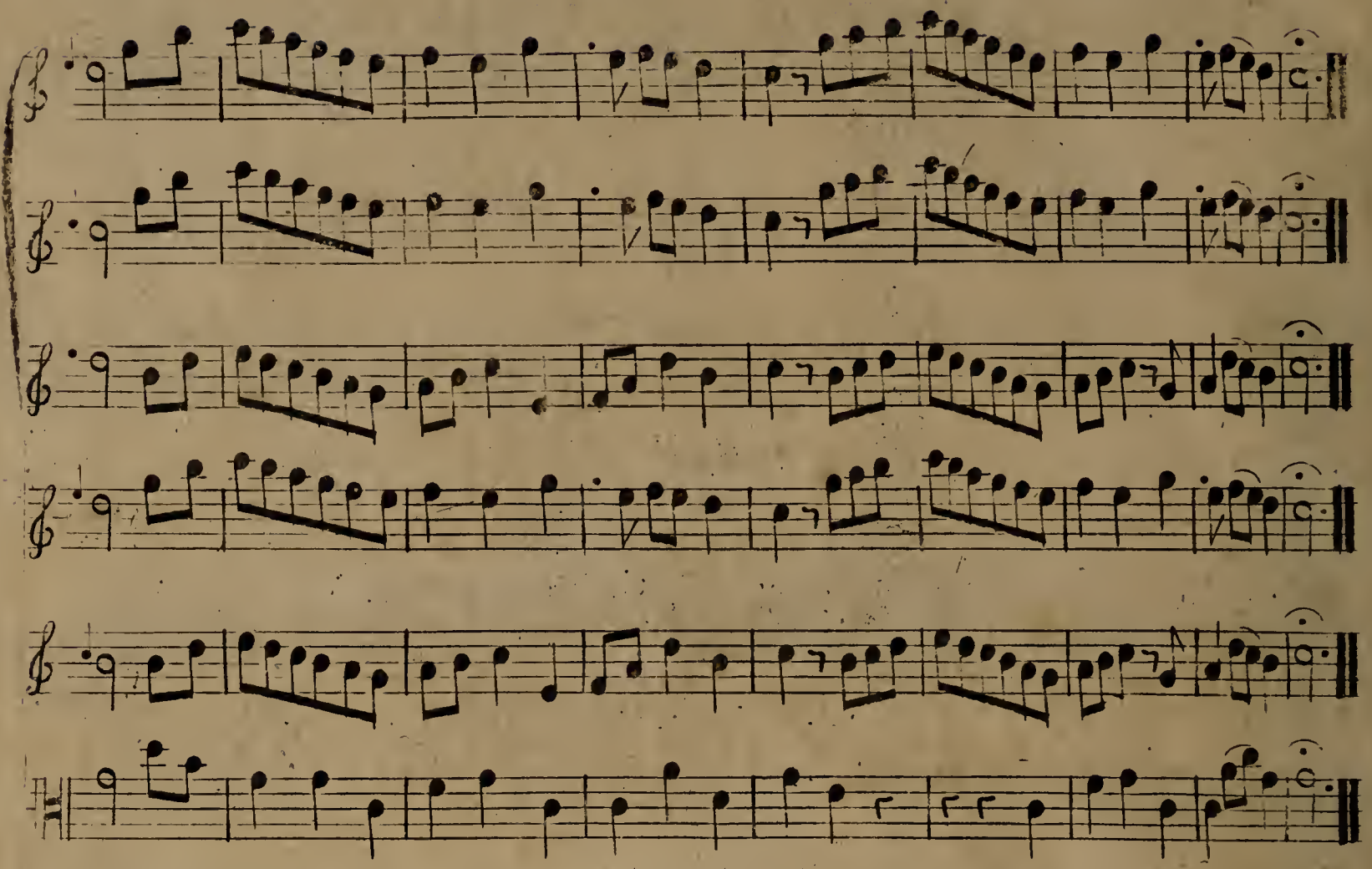

Youth. To preſerve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

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